

A Winter Idyl.

BY A. KENT BROOKS.

The storm has left the heavens and alone the world is bright and still; the moon with her silvery sheen. The distant murmur of the sea covers the white plains. As out by one the crested waves go dancing on the beach, the heavy earth, the children of thought, Go laughing on forever in their robes of sunlight. The world is all so peaceful, and the heavens are still. The gossamer clouds in the sky are all bright and true! The beauty of the world below, the grandeur spread above Tell in their peaceful purity so much of care and love! That how I sit alone, with my eyes entwined with tears. My heart its gentle tribute to the loving Father bears. The joys that fall around me like unnumbered flakes of snow, In rapture, bid the thankful soul in fervent gladness there To thank my heavenly Father for this pure and spotless world. That new outpouring benthis the stars in like a scroll unfurled; To thank him for the blessing of the keen and blithe winds which brings within its bosom beast life's inspiration rare; To thank the loyal giver for a world so still and cold. For warmth grows the living faith which age-old hands have told. And as the year shall speed along over mountains, sun and plain, I'll look upon the Spring returns, with gratitude again. And as the sunshine and the dew bring back their verdant joys— The hidden wonders of the earth that winter never destroys. And as the leaves come in their green, in sheltering boughs the flowers— That tell in all the purity of winter, when buds are bared. My eyes shall be full of grateful tears for God's eternal care That comes in the balm of Spring and Winter white and bare.

THE LITTLE SAMARITAN.

BY A. KENT BROOKS.

Miss Mary Jane Ham stood in front of the imposing brick building used as the High School of Rutherford, with an unopened letter, just handed her by the passing carrier, in her hand. Miss Mary Jane had her peculiarities, her faults and her foibles, her likes and her dislikes, as what woman has not, or man, either, for that matter? but Miss Mary Jane's one crowning dislike, which embittered her whole soul, as much as it was possible to embitter so sweet and sunny a soul, was her hatred for her name. The name of Ham could not be helped; it was the paternal patronymic; it belonged to the unfortunate son of Noah; but why should her mother aggravate the matter by adding the pell-mell Mary Jane? There were hundreds of feminine appellations that were quite as inexpensive and that would add some grace to the inevitable Ham. Without petitioning the general court, Mary Jane had managed to lighten in a small way her grievance. Her friends called her Jessie. She signed her name, in faded chirography, as became a Massachusetts schoolgirl, M. Jessie Ham; and she had faith that in the near future, some fair-haired young man would endow her with a name far more endurable than the one her father had left her and which was all she had ever received from him. It was, therefore, with a sort of shudder that she read the superscription which ran, in bold, business-like letters, across the envelope: "Miss Mary Jane Ham, Rutherford, Mass." The postmark, for once, blotched over, was Chicago; the writer—who? M. Jessie had no acquaintances in that famous Western city, and only by dint of hard thinking did it occur to her that her mother's eldest brother, John Rivers, lived there; but he was reported to be of immense wealth, and very likely had never heard of her existence. She tore open the envelope and read:

"My Dear Jessie:

"I open with the hope of this letter will enter you some surprise, and the reading of it more. I am your mother's eldest brother. When I first came to Chicago, I used to correspond with your mother; but as the years slipped away, somehow our letters grew more and more infrequent and finally ceased entirely. Then your dear mother died, and the house became untenanted, getting less and less of my attention. Lately, I must confess from selfish motives, I have been looking them up. I am getting old. My wife is dead. I have no child. I need a home. You must know that business men frequently suffer great reverses. I have written to my nephews and nieces many times, but have never seen you. Your letters have always remained unanswered; I was answered furnished cold comfort. Will you take pity on an old man? I await your answer with interest."

Yours truly, JOHN RIVERS.

M. Jessie slowly folded the letter, mechanically replaced it in the envelope, and, with a pronouncing air, turned her steps toward her home. She had soon left an orphan at an early age, without a relative to claim her, and had won her way only by indomitable industry and grit. First, as a sewing-girl, going from home to home, she had saved money enough to fit herself for teaching; she had toiled night and day, and within the last twelve months she had obtained a situation in the Rutherford High School, at a salary of seven hundred dollars per annum. She liked dainty things: books and pictures, soft, yielding carpets, and pretty furniture. She had a woman's longing for delicate lace and fine linen, and crisp silk and soft muscavado; and recently, in a very short time, she had commenced to

revel in their possession. She had even during the coming vacation contemplated a visit to the White Hills, and over maps and in the dulce pages of Starr King's imagination had floated over the bright waters of the Winnebago and drunk in the beauties of the Pemiwasset, the Saco, and the Androscoggin Valleys; and here, in the face of these long-cherished anticipations, was a letter asking charity.

M. Jessie had a tender heart. She struggles with poverty but left no cabin houses on it. Her mind went reluctantly back to those old, unpleasant days, and then reverted to Uncle John. He had been wealthy and now he had no home, he was old; his wife was dead, he was her dead mother's brother, and he had needed some one to care for him. Ah! well! Her life so far, had been one long continued procession; why not let it continue so to the end? And, after all, is there not sometimes as much pleasure in the deviation as in the gratification of a wish?

Long before she reached her home, Jessie had come to a decision. The little brown cottage must accommodate one more.

With a friend of her own,

she had planned a little cottage

on a back street, and thus satisfied the intense longings of her heart for home. Her arrangements were completed and the next day the mail carried an answer to Uncle John. "Yes," she wrote, "have known what it is to have no home, and the one I have to offer you may sadly disappoint you but I will try my best to make it pleasant for you. Your room is ready, and, with my warmest welcome, wait your coming."

A week later an express wagon landed an old man, with a battered trunk, on the door-step of the little brown cottage. It chanced to be on a Saturday, when Jessie had no school duties, and the cordial words with which she welcomed Uncle John were interrupted by a kiss on the cheek, which the latter did not fail to respond. From under a pair of bushy eyebrows there peered two keen, saucy gray eyes, which took in every look and movement of the schoolma'am.

"You dear little Samaritan!" he cried.

"You of all my relatives, alone consented—"

A soft hand was placed over the old man's mouth.

"Hush! Uncle John," she said.

"You come as my honored guest, and you are to make no Samaritan references to me."

Then she introduced him to her companion, showed him through the little brown cottage, and, with many a tug and little cry, helped him to carry the old battered trunk up the winding stairway. This task accomplished, she proceeded to store its contents in faultless order in the bureau—provided for the purpose.

"Like your mother in her girlish days," said Uncle John, interrupting her in her work to indulge in one more good, long look. "And what untold possessions and pleasures do you deny yourself for the sake of giving an old man a home?"

And so they started. They went to Springfield, and the Connecticut. They stopped at Northampton that Jessie might visit the female college there; they passed a charming day in Brattleboro; they loitered everywhere. At Haverhill they engaged an open carriage drawn by a span of black horses that made light of mountain roads. They put up at cross-road hotels, and, tutored by Uncle John, the girls drew from the clear mountain streams many a speckled beauty. Finally, they reached the enchanted land, and then it transpired that this was not Uncle John's first visit. He was familiar with every drive; not even Starr King knew better the best points for studying the charming scenery. And then Jessie discovered new treasures in her pupper uncle. If he was fairly familiar with every branch of literature, he was equally at home with the fetal life of field and forest. He read the geological formation in the contour of the hills; he named the birds from listening to their songs; not a flower on the mountain or in the meadow was unknown.

And so the weeks sped by in happy contrast. From the White Hills they drifted to Portsmouth; they sailed out to Appledore; they stayed several days at the big hotel, and Jessie delighted her eyes with a good look at Celia Thaxter. They stopped at Newburyport, rode along within sight of the Merrimack, passed the house on the island which shelters Mrs. Spofford and her sister; and in a little side street, leading off the long, rambling thoroughfare of Amesbury, found the home of the Quaker post. By and by they reached the Hub, stopping at the Brunswick, and Uncle John seemed as familiar with Boston as with the White Hills. A week passed, and still the five hundred dollars held out, and Jessie began to think the purse that held it was like the one so famous in myth. At last, an Aunt John drew from its close; they had been away from home seven weeks; Jessie's school would soon re-commence, Sue's customers began to think of fall styles; not a five hundred spent?

Uncle John drew down a long face.

"Little girls, what must be must."

He said, "there's still money in the purse. What a pity we can't keep on to the end, just as we are with no thoughts of school or the cutting of dresses."

"It would be nice, I must confess," assented Jessie. "This trip has almost spoilt me, though. I have seen the White Hills, and now I want to see beyond the Atlantic. I have had one good outing, at any rate, if I never have another; and I am ready to go back to the little brown cottage and take my work once more."

It was almost dark when the porter, who had soon left an orphan at an early age, without a relative to claim her, and had won her way only by indomitable industry and grit. First, as a sewing-girl, going from home to home, she had saved money enough to fit herself for teaching; she had toiled night and day, and within the last twelve months she had obtained a situation in the Rutherford High School, at a salary of seven hundred dollars per annum. She liked dainty things: books and pictures, soft, yielding carpets, and pretty furniture. She had a woman's longing for delicate lace and fine linen, and crisp silk and soft muscavado; and recently, in a very short time, she had commenced to

open the carriage door for the party to enter.

"Come, Uncle John, let us walk," said Jessie. "We know the streets of Rutherford well enough not to miss our way, and I am sure the money is all gone by this time."

"Just enough left to pay the carriage hire," laughed Uncle John. "Jump in, girls, let us wind up our outing really."

The servant had already loaded in their bundles, the driver had difficulty in holding the impatient horses, and Jessie and Sue and Uncle John were finally in the carriage, and away they went with a dash.

Finally the carriage stopped before a stately gateway, illuminated by two brilliant gas lights, and the door was opened by the ubiquitous footman.

"Why, Uncle, the driver has made a mistake. This is not home," said Jessie, looking out.

"Not home?" answered Uncle John, getting out on the sidewalk. "Yes, this is home; or, if it is not, we will walk the rest of the way."

Jessie laughed her merry laugh. This home—why this was the Locust, the grandest mansion in Rutherford. Many a time had she looked admiringly at its broad velvety lawns, in masses of blossoming flowers, its rare and beautiful trees, its winding walks, its statues, its rows of green houses and graperies. Uncle John was getting facetious. The girls got out, the footman touched his hat, mounted beside the driver, who, without waiting for his fee, drove away.

"Come, girls, let us go up and look at the mansion. Perhaps, after all, it is the little brown cottage made over by the wishes of some modern Aladdin," said Uncle John.

Again Jessie laughed.

"Why, Uncle John, has come home to turn your head? If we should go to look at the mansion, they would send for the police."

"Send for the police? Hardly as bad as that, Jessie. At any rate, I have a call to make. Come up the walk a little way."

Uncle John took his companions each by the arm, and with gentle force led them up to the broad marble steps, up the very steps, and did not pause until he had swung back the door of stained glass, and the three stood in the stately hall of the mansion. Turning to the right, he swung open a door, and motioned his companions to enter. As Jessie did so, she uttered an exclamation of delight. She had entered her ideal of a library. The room was flooded with soft, mellow light. Shelves, fringed with bright leather, stamped in gold, extended to the ceiling, on which repeated rows and rows of books in dainty bindings, fragrant Russia, polished, shining calf, sorbet and green and blue morocco. Huge folios of engravings were in their appropriate recesses. Easy-chairs were everywhere—every appliance for literary ease or study.

"My dear child," said Uncle John, taking Jessie in his arms and kissing her tenderly. "this is the little brown cottage after all. This is home. And yet what I wrote you is true. I had no home, no wife, no child; but I had hundreds of thousands in money. Business men met with reverses, but I am not one of the unfortunate. You alone responded; you alone offered the supped pauper a home. Had I come to you with all my wealth you could not have cared for us more tenderly. Henceforth you are no longer my niece; you are my own daughter. I have legally adopted you. You are Jessie Rivers. And Sue," turning to the astonished girl, "is also to share your home. She may come as housekeeper or as your companion and honored guest."

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Uncle John had not found happiness so assorting that he had not found time to read. Perhaps his devotion to books caused him to fail," thought Jessie.

"The little Samaritan has not allowed poverty to interfere with the development of her higher nature. She is thorough in all her intellectual attainments," thought Uncle John.

Before a month had passed a stranger would have thought that Uncle John was master of the house, so generally had he fitted into the lives of the two girls. Left mostly to himself, his companions absent at their daily tasks, he became absorbed to the chemistries of the kitchen. It is said that Dunas, the Elder was the best cook in France. Uncle John did credit to his short experience in culinary affairs. When the contents of Jessie's little book-case became too familiar, the public library was at hand, and, after an early tea, in the soft June twilight, Uncle John would read to the two girls, and he read with that appreciative feeling which made it a real pleasure to listen to him.

Two months swiftly sped away and the school year drew to its close. Teachers and scholars were alike dispersed, and Jessie had settled down in the little brown cottage. It had not been as hard as she had anticipated. Uncle John had proved such a pleasant companion, and though from his coming she had been compelled to forgo a few personal luxuries, she did not really regret them.

She was sitting in the little parlor, the shades mostly down to keep out the sun, when she heard John's extraneous noise coming from the dusty old cupboard, herself in keeping with the dusty and inexpensive furnishings which surrounded her, when Uncle John entered, carrying an open letter, and saying in heavy tones, "I have just received a letter from my old employer, Mr. D. W. Pond, who has been released from prison."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Jessie. "What does he say?"

"He says he has been released from prison, and is now free to go about the country. He has been released on a technicality, and he has been given a pardon by the governor."

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Christmas Trees.

The custom is of very ancient observance. Its birthplace is Egypt. The tree there used was the palm, and the ceremony was in full force long before the days of Antony and Cleopatra. The palm puts forth a fresh shoot every month. To the time of the winter solstice, when parties were given in ancient Mizraim, a sprig of this tree with twelve shoots was suspended to symbolize the completion of another year. The custom passed into Italy, where the tree was employed for the purpose of celebration, and its pyramidal tips were decorated with burning candles in honor of Saturn. This festival, the Saturnalia, was observed at the winter solstice, from the 17th to the 21st of December. The Sigillaria days for interchanging presents of gifts were interleaved with the Saturnalia, and the Jovianus, when men became boys with boys, matrons turned children once again, and young and old indulged in the solemn romps with which the festival closed. That the Egyptian may be seen in the pyramids which sometimes are substituted for the tree.

South Middlesex Agl Society.

Pond Pardoned.

His RETURN TO WORCESTER. LUCIUS W. POND MADE A FREE MAN BY THE EXERCISE OF EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY. Lucius W. Pond, who, in January, 1876, was taken to the state prison at Charlestown to serve a sentence of 15 years, and who, upon the removal of the party left the prison. On the way home Pond talked freely and pleasantly. His inquiries were mostly of Worcester people and Worcester. Questions were asked concerning former acquaintances, pleasure manifested in their success and regret in their disappointments. Of the growth of Worcester in the last few years he talked much, asking in what directions it had been with success. Public opinion without doubt approves the action of the governor. When it became known yesterday that Pond was transferred to that town, reached this city yesterday afternoon a free man, the efforts made to secure a pardon for him having at last been crowned with success. Public opinion without doubt approves the action of the governor. 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A BRAVE IRISH BOY.

In the month of May, 1861, a boy of 15, with a small bundle under his arm, might have been seen walking wearily over a rough Kentucky road. His hair was brown, his eyes were gray, and there was a good-humored expression on his Celtic face, for our hero was an Irish boy, who had gone out into the world to seek his fortune.

"Where will I sleep to-night?" thought Pat Roach, for that was his name. "Last night I slept on the ground, and it is still I was this morning."

At this moment his eyes fell upon a large and imposing mansion, on the eminence to the right.

"Maybe they will let me sleep in the barn," he thought. "Anyhow, I will give them a chance."

He turned into the front gate and walked up to the front door and knocked, for there was no bell.

The door was opened by a colored woman.

"Well, child, what do you want?" she asked, not kindly.

"Can you let me sleep in the barn?" asked Pat.

"What does the boy want, Chloe?" asked a young lady, who had just entered the broad hall.

"He wants to sleep in the barn, Miss Jennie."

The young lady came forward and looked pleasantly at the boy.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Pat Roach, Miss."

"Where are you going?"

"To seek my fortune, Miss."

" Haven't you a home?"

"Yes, Miss, but there are more of us than father can keep, and I am the eldest; so I am going out for myself."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"On the ground."

"That was a pity. You didn't enjoy it, did you?"

"Not much," answered Pat, shrugging his shoulders. "But it was cheaper."

"I suppose you haven't much money?" said the young lady smiling.

"Not a cent, Miss."

"Have you any supper?"

"Yes, Miss, I have had a cracker."

"You must still be hungry?"

"Try me and see," said Pat, drolly.

"I will," said the young lady smiling.

"Chloe, take this boy into the kitchen, and give him a good supper."

"And may I sleep in the barn afterward, Miss?"

"No; but you may sleep in the front room on the second floor."

"Thank you, Miss," said Pat gratefully. "It will be a fine thing to sleep in a real bed again."

Chloe was well disposed to second the benevolent intentions of her young mistress. She gave Pat the best meal he had eaten for months, and drew out the boy's story, which Pat was ready to tell. In return she told the boy that the estate was owned by Mrs. Stanton and her daughter, who were left wealthy by the late Mr. Stanton, who had died during the last year. Besides herself there was a man-servant, but he was sick with a fever.

"You'd better hire me," suggested Pat, "while he is sick."

"You can't do a man's work, chile."

"Try me and see," said Pat. "I can eat a man's supper anyhow."

"You are right there, honey," said Chloe, showing her teeth.

A little while after eight o'clock, Pat, fatigued with his long tramp, went to bed and was soon fast asleep. Mrs. Stanton and her daughter sat in a room on the second floor, one working and the other reading aloud, when the daughter approaching the window despatched to her alarm a company of men, ten in number, approaching the house.

At this time it was, but uncommon for small roving bands, passing themselves off as Confederate soldiers, but really only robbers intent upon plunder, to sweep the country, torturing their way into lonely houses, and carrying off whatever of value they found.

Now it happened that Mrs. Stanton, who had recently received a large payment, had no less than two thousand dollars in northern greenbacks in her house, and these she feared would be discovered in ransacking the house, and carried off. This money was apprehended in her mind and her daughter.

"What shall we do with the money, Jennie?" she asked in a tone of anxiety. "Where can we hide it?"

"I know of no safe place. The house will be thoroughly searched."

"But I can't afford to lose it," said Mrs. Stanton in dismay.

"Give it to me, mother. I have thought of a way of saving it. There may be some risk about it, but it may do." From the bureau drawer the mother took a large roll of bills, and with trembling hands delivered it to her daughter.

"What are you going to do with it, Jones?"

"I will tell you afterward. Now there is no place."

The young lady unbuttoned Chloe, briefly explained her purpose and proceeded to the room occupied by Pat Roach.

Pat awoke, on being shaken, and stood in surprise at his visitors.

"What's wanted?" he asked.

"Are you an honest boy? Can I trust you?" asked the young lady abruptly.

"I never stole a cent in my life," said Pat proudly.

"I will trust you then," said Jennie,

briefly. "There are some robbers approaching the house who will carry off all that they can find. Now we have two thousand dollars in the house."

"Two thousand dollars," ejaculated Pat in amazement.

"Yes. The only place they won't think of searching is in your pocket. Dress as quickly as possible and put this money in your pocket."

"Yes, Miss; what will I do then?"

"These men will probably stay all night. Early in the morning—before sunrise—you must leave the house and stay away till ten or eleven o'clock. Chloe will give you some food to take with you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss."

"By ton, probably these men will be gone, and you can bring the money back."

"Yes, Miss, I'll bring it back faithfully." Loud knocks were heard at the door, and the two hurried away. Opening the front door they confronted the troop of marauders.

"What do you want at this late hour?" asked Jennie.

"Supper and shelter for the night," answered the leader.

"Who are you, sir?"

"Captain Jones, of the Confederate army."

"Why are you away from the main army?"

"That's my business," answered the so-called Capt. Jones, impudently.

"If you miss upon entering, you must, but we object to turning our house into a camp."

"Can't help it, Miss. It's one of the necessities of war."

Chloe was obliged to produce from the pantry all the cooked food in the house, and the men did justice to it. Jennie Stanton remained up, feeling in no humor to go to bed. When the repast was over, Capt. Jones said:

"Miss Stanton, I hear you have a large sum of money in the house. We must have it."

"What you would plunder us?" asked the young lady indignantly.

"We don't take it for ourselves. It is for the cause," said the leader hypocritically.

"You may as well bring it at once, and save the trouble of a search. You can't deny that the money was paid you last Monday."

"I don't deny it," said the young lad, intrepidly, "but it has already passed out of our possession."

"I don't believe it," said the captain, feeling very much disappointed.

"Then you may search the house," said Jennie, outwardly bold, but inwardly trembling, lest the money should be discovered.

"I will," said Captain Jones. "Of course where such a large amount is concerned, we cannot trust the word of any one."

"Very well, sir, proceed. Chloe, go with these gentlemen."

She slipped away to inform her mother of what she had done, and put her on guard.

In the course of their search they came to Pat's room.

"Who sleeps here," asked the leader.

"A poor Irish boy who asked for a lodgings."

"Let me see him."

The door was thrown open, and Pat stared at his visitors.

"What's your name, boy?" asked Jones.

"Pat Roach."

"Do you live here?"

"No sir; the ladies let me sleep here to-night. They gave me a good supper besides."

"Where are you travelling?"

"In seeking my fortune."

"Are these your clothes?"

"Yes, sir."

To Chloë's great alarm, Captain Jones took up Pat's poor garments, and thrust his hands into the pockets. But she need not have been alarmed. Pat had taken out the bills and put them under the sheet upon which he was lying. Only a cent was found in his pocket.

"You are not very rich," said Jones. Pat laughed.

"If I was, what would I be seeking my fortune?" he answered.

"There's nothing here," said Jones unashamedly.

That search continued, and a few articles of small value were discovered, but the great prize was not to be found. Captain Jones concluded that Miss Stanton was right after all, and contented himself with what he had found.

"You will come back?"

"Never fear," said Pat.

About nine o'clock Chloë and her mother took a large roll of bills, and with trembling hands delivered it to her daughter.

"Jennie," she said "that boy will never come back."

"I think he will mother."

"It was a way idea trusting a poor Irish boy, whom we had never seen before last night, with so large a sum."

"It was the only thing we could do, mother. If we less it, it will be all worse than having Captain Jones take it."

"Two thousand dollars will be a great temptation to a boy like that."

"Mother I like the boy's face, and I will stand a good deal on his honesty."

"When you have lived as long as I have, Jessie, you won't be ready to trust a stranger. Why, the boy is only a tramp."

"I will tell you afterward. Now there is no place."

The young lady unbuttoned Chloë, briefly explained her purpose and proceeded to the room occupied by Pat Roach.

Pat awoke, on being shaken, and stood in surprise at his visitors.

"What's wanted?" he asked.

"Are you an honest boy? Can I trust you?" asked the young lady abruptly.

"I never stole a cent in my life," said Pat proudly.

"I will trust you then," said Jennie,

"Even a tramp may be honest."

Mrs. Stanton sighed.

"Depend upon it," she said "we never shall see the money again."

Two hours passed. It was after eleven, and still nothing was to be seen of Pat. The young lady herself grew nervous. After all, perhaps her mother was right.

But at half past eleven there was a knock at the door. It was opened, and there stood Pat.

"Have you got the money?" asked Chloe breathlessly.

"Every dollar of it," said Pat promptly.

"What made you stay so long?"

Pat explained that he had met Captain Jones and his men, who had made him black all their boots, and thus delayed him an hour.

For this service they gave him a \$2 Confederate note, which was far from being an extravagant remuneration for his labor, depreciation as it was.

"I didn't think I had such a pile of money in my pocket," chuckled Pat.

"I could have paid him better for blacking my boots."

He made a light meal of unground coffee the first day, and as he overate, and the coffee availed on him, he had difficulty in buttoning his pants around the pain he had had.

He felt very unhappy for a day or two, but laid it to the fact that he hadn't exercised much, and the consequent emanation and indigestion resulting therefrom.

As soon as he succeeded in getting his interior department quiet down a little, he tickled his natus of caustics. These he decided to parboil, in order to avoid trouble from indigestion. The dish was not so much of a glittering success as he had anticipated, and as he remorselessly picked the candle wickling out of his teeth with a tent pin he made some remark that harshly on the sensitive ears of those who stood near.

He then tried a meal of yeast powder with vinegar. He ate the yeast powder and then took a pint of extremely potent vinegar to wash it down.

At first there was feeling of glad surprise in his stomach, which rapidly gave place to unwilling remorse.

A can of yeast powder in an Indian's mits don't seem to be prepared for a pint of vinegar, and the result of such an unfortunate circumstance is not gratifying.

Every little while a look of pain would come over the features of the noble child of the forest, and then he would jump about seventeen feet and try to kick a cloud out of the sky. Then he would sit down and think over his past life.

It took about a week for him to get back to where he dared to get up another meal for himself. Then he拂iced off a couple of pounds of laundry soap and ate that.

Soap is all right for external purposes or for treating a pair of soiled socks, but it does not assimilate with the gastric juice readily, and those who have tried laundry soap as a relish do not seem to think it will ever arrive at any degree of prominence as an article of diet.

That is why this untutored child of nature never received the benefits of early training in profanity, and therefore was disconnected and rambling; but when we consider that he was ignorant of our language, and that every little while he had to stop and hold on to his digester with both hands and dig great holes in the earth with his toes, it remains to be seen whether he has made any progress.

When the young boy comes to maturity he will be a great addition to the family.

"I hope you will be a good boy," said the leader hypocritically.

"I hope you will be a good boy," said the young lady smiling.

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MARSHFIELD.

One of Mr. L. P. Hatch's grocery wagons was somewhat damaged by a horse running away last Friday.

The late Miss Adelaid Phillips left an estate of some twenty thousand dollars. Mr. Samuel S. Shaw of Boston has been appointed executor.

The agents of the Society with a box name have been visiting some of the East Marshfield owners of fast horses and requested that they give their animals a mother.

Mr. Agnew Williamson met with quite a painful accident last Saturday. While unloading logs at Mr. S. J. Chandler's mill his foot slipped causing his head to strike the wheel severing the top of his ear and cutting a severe gash in his head.

The station agent wishes to call the attention of gentlemen who have a habit of spilling tobacco juice upon the floor in the station to what the Professor told his students. "Those who expectorate upon the floor cannot expect to be treated as gentlemen."

A number of capitalists were in town Wednesday viewing a proposed railroad route to branch off from the Old Colony at Sea View, and run along the shore as far as Duxbury beach, across Powder Point to connect with the Old Colony line again between Duxbury and Kingston.

Mr. Warren F. Morey, a very pleasant and accommodating clerk at L. P. Hatch's store, has given up his situation on account of ill health. Warren has been in failing health for some time owing to doubt about the long days and hard work to which he has been subjected. We hope a good rest will bring him around all right.

What the people want at Braintree Rock and what they are going to have another season is a telephone connection from the Western Union Office at Marshfield Station and the Post Office at the Rock. This will save the people a large sum of money which is paid every year for the delivery of messages, and for teams to carry orders.

The Orthodox Society held their Christmas exercises in their Chapel near the church last Monday evening. The contents of two beautiful trees loaded with Xmas cards and more substantial presents were distributed, after the exercises which consisted of singing and speaking by the little ones, which interested the many who were obliged to stand up during the evening, more than the long tedious readings by the older ones.

advice. The course is to consist of eight lectures. Rev. Mr. Seaver is to give the next lecture on Tuesday night next.

Christmas night was celebrated at the Orthodox church. Two Christmas trees were filled with beautiful presents. Mr. John F. Hatch, the Superintendent of the Sabbath School, presided. The exercises opened with an address by Master Walter Bates, after which the young children of the Sabbath School were presented, followed by the older scholars, all of which were happily received. Recitations were then given by some young ladies, which that attracted our attention most, was a piece recited by Miss Sally Sylvester, who was then called the "little Queen." Her voice was clear, round and musical, and no one in the audience could fail to be struck by her recital. Good singing was given by the choir. The pastor, Dr. Lane, made a few remarks, and gave a brief history of the origin of presenting Christmas gifts. The service was over, followed by a short prayer offered by Rev. Mr. W. H. Fish will hold his first Sunday evening meeting in Library Hall, Sunday evening, Jan. 7, All are cordially invited to attend.

The Sunday school expected with the First parish intend having a series of Sabbath School concerts to be held in the library hall.

Mineral water was pretty scarce about here Christmas time. Better pass a strong through the jug handle next time and tie it to the rack.

The presents were then distributed, and both young and old were made happy by the small and big presents that fell like apple blossoms from the fruitful tree into the laps of the willing audience. The church was filled to its utmost capacity.

Miss Abbott, teacher, the new teacher in Israel School here, is succeeding well, we learn. The school committee should patronize more of our home female talents as teachers in our public schools. Don't think it is wise to telegraph for teachers out of town, on the simple recommendation of interested parties. Get a tried teacher here or in the neighboring towns, as Miss Georgie Damon, Miss Agnes Sherman and others, whose parents reside here can be obtained. Don't matter whether all of them are graduates of the Normal schools or not. We want our children taught practical common sense. There are too many who have no practical training.

We have made a discovery lately and that is to the effect that the "News" being issued every Tuesday seems to be a never failing source of supply for other local papers, no ways connected with it, although we have not as yet seen a clipping from our column of which we have been given credit. A little less of the shears, and a little more originality makes a good live opposition—So. Scituate News.

UNDERTAKING.

How changed the business in the last 25 years, hardly any one kept anything ready, in those days when a coffin was wanted it must be made, neither was there any way to preserve a body, it was often the case that the body had to be carried out of doors and sat under a tree during the service.

Not so now-days, when your friends pass on, send at once for your undertaker if you have one, have confidence in, and know his business and give him the charge of body and it won't have to be carried out and sat under a tree. The features will be preserved and pleasant to look upon, and it will be borne to its last resting place in a manner that will be pleasing to the feelings of relatives and friends.

C. W. Spurrell has been in the undertaking business 25 years and during the last 10 years has taken charge of over 120 bodies and has given such entire satisfaction that he now carries on a business embracing all the neighboring towns.

WEST SCITUATE.

The Briggs Bros are actively engaged in harvesting their ice crop.

We learn from Mr. Damon that the estimated value of goods saved from his store (whose burning was reported last week) is about \$500.

Two young men, Stoddard and Crago, of this place captured a cool last week. They were out hunting and discovered the coon up a tree, their first shot made no impression on the animal, so one decided to climb the tree and shake him off while the other stood at the foot with a club. Their efforts were crowned with success, and now our sportsmen are debating which is most effectual, clubs or guns.

The old Colonists called many roads to the Boston and Albany. The gross earnings for the year ending September 30 were \$4,120,250.39, not including the earnings of the Old Colony Steamboat Comp'ry, about \$1,800,000 more.

Dr. Alida, pastor of the Congregational society at Islington, London, now building a fine, large church, sent a request to the Pilgrim Society for a piece of Plymouth Rock, to be incorporated in the structure of the pulpit. The trustees voted to grant the request.

Fathers' day was a general holiday in Plymouth, and was ushered in by the display of flags, salutes by canon, and ringing of bells.

At six o'clock the Plymouth Post, in the afternoon, was delivered to the post office, and was received by the postmaster, who was reassembled to the rock on which the Pilgrims landed, where a volley was fired by the military escort, and those present sang "America." From thence the procession proceeded through Leyden street to the First Parish church, which was filled to its utmost capacity. Upright appropriate the day were sung, selections from the scriptures were read, and Rev. George A. Tawksbury gave a historical address upon the day, concluding with a hymn, written by Rev. Long for the occasion.

The Christmas tree and festival in the vestry of the Second Congregational Church on Monday evening brought together quite a large number of people. The exercises consisted of singing by the choir and recitations and music by the children were of unusual interest. The Christmas tree was well loaded with useful gifts and among others was a handsome and costly drop light for the parson and his wife. This elegant gift, presented by many others of kindness, is but another token of the interest which the members of the society have in the welfare of their pastor.

The Sabbath School of the Methodist Church held their annual festival and Christmas tree Monday evening.

The exercises were opened by singing by the choir followed by recitation by four young men in different parts of the church, also by Eva Littlefield and eight of the small children of the school; singing by Eva Littlefield, recitations by Eva M. Barnard, and four young ladies, subject, The Open Door.

The two trees were then stripped of their precious boughs and there was many happy faces to be seen as the committee, Miss Annie Little, Flora Barnard, and Matilda Kamp passed the presents to their owners.

CHURCH HILL.

The annual meeting of the inner court of the Temperance Videlites was held Monday evening. The following officers were elected: President, H. E. T. Egg and C. H. Kilian, were chosen members of a committee, to act in conjunction with the committee lately chosen at Brockton, with reference to the proposed railroad from Brockton to the Old Colony station in Hingham, connecting with the Nantasket Beach railroad. We are glad to see that, what we were at first inclined to consider a mere rumor, is a place of more than ordinary importance as a summer resort.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

The original door-knocker on the "Old Winslow House" at Marshfield, as the time of Governor Winthrop, was in 1850 given by Daniel Webster, with a suitable inscription upon it, to Rev. Gordon Winslow, D. D., of State Island. It has just come into the hands of Rev. William C. Winslow of Boston, who, we understand, will place it among the collections of some one of our historical societies. The inscription reads: "From Winslow House, Marshfield, Mass. Came in the Mayflower, 1620. Presented by Daniel Webster to Dr. G. Winslow, Sept. 12, 1850."

GRESHAM HALL.

A special Christmas service was held at Grace Chapel last Sabbath. The musical portion of which was remarkably good, introduced as an anthem "Gloria and carols, would have done credit to many places of larger size and greater advantages. A scholarly well defined sermon by the pastor, and after the benediction greetings and congratulations closed the season, the audience separated, well pleased and happy of their best Christmas in the new church.

EAST MARSHFIELD.

The Academy boys are having a vacation during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Avery Rogers are visiting their children at the Boston.

The opening services at the Unitarian church was given by Rev. Wm. P. Tilden of Boston on Tuesday evening last, subject "Ecclesiastes." It was full of humor, wit and thought, and was well received by the congregation.

SOUTH SCITUATE.

The schools in the 5th District have reopened with the same teachers as last term.

Under-taker Spurrell has been unusually busy the past week having had four funerals in Scituate.

The young men who had the ball

Christmas night made a good thing out of it, notwithstanding the \$50, \$5, \$3, \$5, puzzle.

Rev. W. H. Fish will hold his first Sunday evening meeting in Library Hall, Sunday evening, Jan. 7, All are cordially invited to attend.

The Sunday school expects with the First parish intend having a series of Sabbath School concerts to be held in the library hall.

Mineral water was pretty scarce about here Christmas time. Better pass a strong through the jug handle next time and tie it to the rack.

The presents were then distributed, and both young and old were made happy by the small and big presents that fell like apple blossoms from the fruitful tree into the laps of the willing audience. The church was filled to its utmost capacity.

Mr. Andrew Green and family were very agreeably surprised Christmas by E. T. Foggs team driving up with a nice lot of goods, a Christmas present. The goods had been ordered and paid for by friends of Mr. Green, who drove into town for that purpose.

The lot of standing wood owned by Israel Nash which is to be sold Saturday, Jan. 6, consists of some very handsome trees suitable for timber, and persons wishing to procure hard wood logs for that purpose will do well to be on hand. Mr. J. C. Nass will do the auctioneering.

We have made a discovery lately and that is to the effect that the "News" being issued every Tuesday seems to be a never failing source of supply for other local papers, no ways connected with it, although we have not as yet seen a clipping from our column of which we have been given credit. A little less of the shears, and a little more originality makes a good live opposition—So. Scituate News.

SEA VIEW.

The foundation for the new hotel has been ready for some time. The lumber which is on the way from California, Me., not having arrived the work has been greatly delayed.

A party of surveyors with Mr. Greeley of the Fourth Cliff Land Company made a preliminary survey Wednesday last for a broad gauge railroad to run from the Sea View station to the company's property on the beach.

The Sewing Circle connected with the Unitarian Society at East Marshfield met Thursday evening with Mrs. Dr. Ham. The circle was one of the most largely attended and enjoyable ever held. Readings by Rev. Nathaniel Seaver and Miss Mabel Rogers, and music by Miss Alice Wetherbee diversified the social intercourse in a very agreeable manner.

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SOUTH SHORE AND COUNTY.

Deputy Sheriff Wheeler of East Bridgewater is becoming prominent as a temperance orator.

A movement is being made towards establishing a Young Men's Christian Association in Brockton.

Rockland Regt. of mixed Devon and Ayer men, has given in fifty-six days 1625 pounds of quinine.

The trustees of the Pilgrim Society have voted to lay Hailstall's painting of the Mayflower in Plymouth harbor, now on exhibition in Boston.

The new steamer Elgin, of the Old Colony Line, is stated, will be brought to Boston for exhibition before being placed on the route next summer.

The rail road commissioners have rendered a favorable decision on the petition of the inhabitants and citizens of Hingham, for a station at Riverside, on the Nantasket Beach Railroad.

Mr. Henry Bamford of Hanson shot, on a ten week's gunning trip at the South Pond, Plymouth, 200 fowls of which 41 were wild geese. He also caught enough to fill the ice box.

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The two trees were then stripped of their precious boughs and there was many happy faces to be seen as the committee, Miss Annie Little, Flora Barnard, and Matilda Kamp passed the presents to their owners.

CHURCH HILL.

The annual meeting of the inner court of the Temperance Videlites was held Monday evening. The following officers were elected: President, H. E. T. Egg and C. H. Kilian, were chosen members of a committee, to act in conjunction with the committee lately chosen at Brockton, with reference to the proposed railroad from Brockton to the Old Colony station in Hingham, connecting with the Nantasket Beach railroad. We are glad to see that, what we were at first inclined to consider a mere rumor, is a place of more than ordinary importance as a summer resort.

Fathers' day was a general holiday in Plymouth, and was ushered in by the display of flags, salutes by canon, and ringing of bells.

At six o'clock the Plymouth Post, in the afternoon, was delivered to the post office, and was received by the postmaster, who was reassembled to the rock on which the Pilgrims landed, where a volley was fired by the military escort, and those present sang "America." From thence the procession proceeded through Leyden street to the First Parish church, which was filled to its utmost capacity. Upright appropriate the day were sung, selections from the scriptures were read, and Rev. George A. Tawksbury gave a historical address upon the day, concluding with a hymn, written by Rev. Long for the occasion.

The Christmas tree and festival in the vestry of the Second Congregational Church on Monday evening brought together quite a large number of people. The exercises consisted of singing by the choir and recitations and music by the children were of unusual interest. The Christmas tree was well loaded with useful gifts and among others was a handsome and costly drop light for the parson and his wife. This elegant gift, presented by many others of kindness, is but another token of the interest which the members of the society have in the welfare of their pastor.

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THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

LINCOLN READS A POEM.

Lincoln Reads a Poem.
Hon. Old Abe Entertains His Cabinet with a Little Quoddytime.

"Now, gentlemen, I will have more or less poetry in your songs; listen to this," said Abraham Lincoln, the President, rose from his chair and recited the following poem, which indicated his profound appreciation of literature: "Last Leaf,"

"They say that in the knife of time
The blade is drawn, and drawn again,
Till at length it is worn down,
Till at length it is worn down,

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